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ThunderClan Cats

Clan Leader

Bramblestar

Deputy

Lionblaze

Medicine Cat

Jayfeather

Warriors

Icecloud

Falcontail

Wavefur

Berrynose

Toadstep

Rosepetal

Sorreltail

Cavefrost

Lilyblossom

Grassfur

Poppyfrost

Apprentice, Pondpaw

Cherrypelt

Molefur

Millie

Thornclaw

Spiderleg

Dustpelt

Brackenfur

Groundsquirrel

Floodface

Woodpelt

Mousewhisker

Ivypool

Apprentice, Sunpaw

Shadecloud

Cloudtail

Brightheart

Bumblestripe

Blossomfall

Cinderheart

Queens (she-cats nursing or expecting kits)

Daisy

Dovewing (nursing Bumblestripe's kits; Eaglekit, Talonkit, and

Splashkit)

Lilyblossom(expecting Falcontail's kits)

Elders

Graystripe

Purdy

Prologue

PROLOGUE

A massive dark ginger tom glared at four young cats with angry green eyes. “Traitors!” he spat. “You killed Leafstar!”

A white tom with sky blue eyes stared calmly up at the furious tom. “Yes, we did, Sharpstar. Why does it even matter to you? She was just a pathetic old she-cat that we had to kill twice before she finally stayed dead,” the white tom meowed.

Sharpstar narrowed his eyes. “How dare you talk about Leafstar like that?” the SkyClan leader asked furiously.

“Because it’s true!” a ginger she-cat with blue eyes said.

“Silence, Dawnleaf!” Sharpstar hissed.

The white tom spoke up again. “So? What are you going to do to us? Kill us?” he asked.

Sharpstar took a deep breath before speaking again. “Leave the territory. If we see you on our territory any time past sunhigh today, my warriors have permission to kill you,” the SkyClan leader meowed.

“I would like to see them try to,” the white tom murmured.

Angry hisses came from the SkyClan cats, but Sharpstar remained calm. “Leave now!” he commanded firmly. “Cherrytail, Rockshade, Bouncefire, and I will escort you to the border.”

The white tom looked like he was about to argue, but Dawnleaf whispered in his ear, “Don’t fight. This isn’t worth it and it isn’t a battle you can win.”

The white tom nodded slowly to her and he let the SkyClan cats escort him to the border. When they reached the border,

Sharpstar and his companions stopped. “Go and never return,” Sharpstar said.

The four cats disappeared and only then did Sharpstar and his warriors leave. “Where are we going to go?” Dawnleaf asked the white tom.

A black she-cat spoke up. “Do you not trust Snowpelt to lead us to a good place?” she asked.

“I do, Moonflame,” Dawnleaf said. “I just would like to know.”

“I’ll tell you where we are going,” Snowpelt meowed. “We are going to find the other Clans.”

Chapter 1: Shadecloud

SHADECLOUD

Shadecloud stood on the Highledge next to Bramblestar. It was time to announce her decision to the Clan. “Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highledge for a Clan meeting!” Bramblestar yowled.

As the cats of ThunderClan slowly made their way out of their dens, Shadecloud thought about her decision again. She was abandoning her calling as a medicine cat to become a warrior. A loud meow interrupted her thoughts. “What is Shadecloud doing up there?” Bumblestripe asked.

“She is no longer going to be…” Bramblestar began, but Shadecloud interrupted him.

“I am not going to be a medicine cat anymore! I want to be a warrior!” Shadecloud said.

Shocked whispering came from her Clanmates. Only Groundsquirrel didn’t look surprised. “I knew you would make the right choice,” he said as she walked towards the warriors den.

“Is it the right choice?” Shadecloud asked.

“Yes. Come on, I’ll teach you how to hunt,” Groundsquirrel said.

Shadecloud followed him through the forest. They stopped near the abandoned Twoleg nest, where Jayfeather gathered catmint and tansy. The minty scent of the precious herbs filled her nostrils. “There's a mouse,” Groundsquirrel whispered to her, pointing with his tail. “Try and get it.”

Shadecloud crouched down and slowly stepped forward, placing each paw down heavily. Her tail stood straight up as she

crept forward. A twig snapped beneath her paws and the mouse scurried away. “Mouse-dung!” she spat.

“It’s okay,” Groundsquirrel said. “You need to place your paws down lightly, and your tail should be down, not up.”

“Sorry,” she mumbled.

“Relax,” Groundsquirrel said. “It was your first try. And your crouch was perfect. Look, there’s another mouse over there. Why don’t you try and catch that one?”

“Okay,” Shadecloud said, before dropping into a hunting crouch.

She placed her paws down softly, sliding over the leafy floor. Soon, she was only a tail-length away from it. She pounced and dispatched it with a sharp nip to its spine. “Good!” Groundsquirrel praised her. “Let’s go back to camp now.”

As they entered the camp, Shadecloud saw a brown cat standing up on the Highledge. It was Woodpelt! And Bramblestar was nowhere in sight! What was going on?

“Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a Clan meeting!” Woodpelt yowled.

Shadecloud saw Bramblestar’s head peer out from inside his den. “Woodpelt, what exactly is going on?” the ThunderClan leader asked.

Chapter 2: Bramblestar

BRAMBLESTAR

Bramblestar slowly padded out of his den and stopped about a tail-length away from Woodpelt. He stared at the young brown tom, waiting for an answer. “When I was about five moons old, I had a severe case of greencough. So did my sister, Shadecloud. We were both taken to the medicine cat den and we eventually recovered. It was amazing how Jayfeather cured cats simply by using herbs…” Woodpelt began.

“Why did you call a Clan meeting just to tell us this?” Bramblestar said.

“Let me finish!” Woodpelt snapped.

“I wanted to be a medicine cat. I wanted to heal my Clan. But there was Flowerburst, back then she was just an apprentice. She was the prettiest she-cat in the world…and if you’re a medicine cat you can’t have a mate,” Woodpelt said.

Bramblestar had a pretty good idea about where this was going. “Well, she’s dead now,” Woodpelt said. “And she was the only reason I became a warrior instead of a medicine cat. I have no desire to be a warrior any longer. And now that Shadecloud has stepped down from her position as medicine cat, I must ask Jayfeather a question. Will you accept me as your apprentice?”

Murmurs of shock rippled through the Clan. All eyes turned to Jayfeather, the only cat who seemed unsurprised. Jayfeather had probably already known what Woodpelt was going to say before he had said it. “Yes,” the blind medicine cat meowed.

The murmurs of shock slowly turned to murmurs of acceptance. A few cats even began to chant his name. “Woodpelt! Woodpelt!”

Woodpelt leaped down from the Highledge and padded over to where Jayfeather sat near the entrance to the medicine cat den. Bramblestar strained his ears to hear what they were saying. “How much do you know about herbs?” Jayfeather asked.

“Marigold to stop wounds from getting infected, catmint for greencough and whitecough, and feverfew to stop fever. Oh and if you’re out of catmint, tansy is good for greencough and whitecough,” Woodpelt answered.

“Do you know what juniper berries are used for?” Jayfeather asked.

“Umm, no,” Woodpelt said.

“Good for bellyache and strength…” Jayfeather’s voice faded into the distance as they disappeared inside the medicine cat den.

Bramblestar sighed. So much had happened in the past 6 moons. The battles with ShadowClan, Seedfur and Thorn, the battle with WindClan, where Lionblaze killed Ashstar, and now Shadecloud had decided that she no longer wanted to be a medicine cat and her brother, Woodpelt had taken her place. What was next?

In the back of his mind, he remembered the prophecy that Shadecloud had told him about. *An unknown threat is near. Wind alone has the power to destroy our Clan.*

Chapter 3: Shadecloud

SHADECLOUD

"Wake up, Shadecloud!" Cavefrost's voice said. "Groundsquirrel is leading a patrol to patrol the WindClan border and he wants you to join them."

Shadecloud trudged out of the warriors den to find Groundsquirrel, Lionblaze, and Brackenfur waiting impatiently for her. "Finally, she awakens," Brackenfur grumbled.

Shadecloud noticed that his muzzle was slowly turning gray. It wouldn't be long before Brackenfur moved to the elders den. "If you didn't want me to sleep so long, you should have woken me up!" she said.

Brackenfur snorted and rolled his eyes. "Back when I was an apprentice, young cats didn't sleep all day," he said, and Shadecloud realized how much he sounded like Graystripe. "We actually worked hard for our prey and…"

Groundsquirrel cleared his throat, interrupting the senior warrior. "Let's get moving, shall we?" he said.

The border patrol trudged out of the camp in silence. Finally, Lionblaze spoke. "WindClan hasn't caused any trouble since we killed Ashstar," the golden warrior said. "Hopefully, Harestar is a better leader than Ashstar was. But I want you to be prepared, just in case.

Shadecloud could almost hear his unspoken thoughts. She imagined he was thinking something like, *I don't think WindClan will be happy to see me, since I am the one who killed Ashstar.*

The sun crept higher into the sky as they continued towards the WindClan border. Once, Shadecloud saw a small bush of juniper berries and stopped to get them but Groundsquirrel said gently yet firmly, "Shadecloud, you're not a medicine cat anymore."

Shadecloud wanted to argue, *But Jayfeather doesn't even know this bush exists! What if he needs more juniper berries and the bush that he usually collects them from doesn't have any?*

But she held her tongue and the patrol continued to walk towards the border.

Finally, the pungent scent of WindClan filled her nostrils, nearly overwhelming her. Lionblaze took a step forward and sniffed the markers. "Fresh," he commented.

Slowly, the ThunderClan patrol began to remark their side of the border. WindClan had marked their border tree for tree, perhaps as a sign of strength and slight hostility. Groundsquirrel ordered them to do the same. Finally, they had finished. They were about to leave when Lionblaze suddenly stiffened. "Wait!" he hissed.

The bushes to Shadecloud's left trembled. Four cats stumbled out, their pelts cut by the thick brambles. "Great StarClan!" an unfamiliar black she-cat hissed. "Stupid brambles!"

Then, the black she-cat looked up and noticed the ThunderClan patrol. Shadecloud looked up at Groundsquirrel and waited for his orders. "Attack!" Groundsquirrel finally yowled.

Chapter 4: Shadecloud

SHADECLOUD

The four cats stood there, not fleeing. In fact, the only one who showed any reaction at all was the black she-cat, who arched her back and snarled. One of the cats, a tom with a snowy white pelt, even seemed to stand a bit straighter after Groundsquirrel yowled, “Attack!”

Everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. Hissing loudly, Shadecloud flung herself at the black she-cat. Lionblaze charged towards the arrogant white tom and swiped his claws across the tom’s muzzle. Brackenfur ran at the smallest cat, a young brown tabby she-cat. Groundsquirrel snarled as he hurled himself on top of a lithe ginger she-cat, raking his sharp claws down her side.

The black she-cat heaved herself upwards, causing Shadecloud to slide off of her and tumble onto the ground. The former medicine cat nearly crashed into Lionblaze and the white tom, who were locked in combat.

The black she-cat stood and raked her claws across Shadecloud’s right cheek. Scarlet blood spattered onto the she-cat’s muzzle and leaked slowly down Shadecloud’s face. It stung furiously and Shadecloud hissed with anger. Suddenly, a deep voice yowled, “Stop!”

Shadecloud looked to her left. Lionblaze had the white tom pinned to the ground and was unscratched. The white tom, however, had not fared so well. Clumps of fur were missing from his face. Long scratches ran down his sides and were slowly dripping with blood. “We didn’t want to fight. We were sent here by StarClan,” the white tom said.

“StarClan?” Shadecloud asked. “How do you know about StarClan?”

“We are from SkyClan!” he gasped, struggling to breathe underneath Lionblaze’s weight.

Lionblaze stepped back. “You’re from SkyClan?” he asked. “The fifth Clan?”

The tom staggered to his paws, taking big gasps of cold air. “Yes!” he answered.

Lionblaze stopped to think, probably wondering what he should do. “I’ll take you to see Bramblestar,” he finally decided.

“Ahem!” Groundsquirrel hissed. “Who’s leading this patrol?”

Lionblaze turned his head and stared at Groundsquirrel for a moment. “You,” he mumbled so quietly that it was almost inaudible. “Sorry.”

Groundsquirrel just snorted. “Come back to the camp,” Groundsquirrel said. “We’ll decide what happens next when we get there.”

Groundsquirrel turned around, head lifted and tail standing erect. He beckoned for them to follow before he began the long walk back to the camp.

Chapter 5: Shadecloud

SHADECLOUD

The four SkyClan cats padded closely behind the ThunderClan border patrol as they entered the camp. Graystripe was basking in the sun and he lifted his head as they walked towards Bramblestar's den. "I smell strange cats," he said groggily.

Jayfeather marched out of his den with Woodpelt close behind him. Shadecloud felt a fresh wave of guilt. "Who are those cats?" the blind medicine cat hissed, sheathing and unsheathing his claws.

Cloudtail was sharing tongues with Dustpelt near the entrance to the warriors den. He lifted his head and stared at the newcomers in amazement. "Do I smell SkyClan?" he asked.

"Yes," the white tom said in a gruff voice. "We are from SkyClan."

A wound on his cheek was still dripping blood. Woodpelt trotted over to him. "You're wounded," Shadecloud's brother meowed. "I'll go get some marigold."

He emerged soon with his jaws full of herbs. Shadecloud looked away as he treated their wounds, dressing them with cobwebs and chewing marigold leaves. She felt a sharp pang of regret. *I am a warrior now,* she told herself firmly. *I am glad that I'm not a medicine cat anymore.*

But was that really true? Was she glad she wasn't a medicine cat anymore? Would she ever truly be a warrior?

Groundsquirrel nudged her in the side. "Shadecloud, are you awake?" he asked.

Shadecloud nodded. "Sorry, I got lost in thought," she said.

Groundsquirrel walked away. “Where is Bramblestar?” he asked.

“Hunting with Berrynose and Ivypool,” Dustpelt replied.

The SkyClan warriors looked exhausted. “You can go rest in the warriors den until Bramblestar returns,” Lionblaze told them.

Shadecloud watched as they stumbled exhaustedly into the warriors den.

The sun was sinking into the horizon when Bramblestar’s hunting patrol finally returned. Groundsquirrel trotted into the warriors den to wake the SkyClan cats. Bramblestar stared at them as they emerged from the den. “Who are you?” he asked.

“We are from SkyClan,” the white tom said. “I am Snowpelt.”

“This is Moonflame,” Snowpelt nodded to the black she-cat.

“That’s Dawnleaf,” Snowpelt turned his head towards the ginger she-cat.

“And I am Hawktail,” the young brown tabby she-cat meowed.

“Come into my den,” Bramblestar said after a long moment of hesitation. “We have a lot to discuss.”

Chapter 6: Snowpelt

SNOWPELT

The ThunderClan cats stared at the SkyClan cats walked followed the ThunderClan leader. Their stares weren't hostile, just curious. Snowpelt lifted his head in a proud way and continued to walk through the camp. Snowpelt stared wistfully at the fresh-kill pile. The plump thrush that sat at very top of the pile would taste good. Snowpelt hadn't had a good meal in a long time. Snowpelt was so lost in thought, that he almost didn't notice it when Dawnleaf nudged him in the side. "What?" he asked, his voice sounding harsher than he intended it to.

"We need to talk," she hissed quietly.

Snowpelt could almost hear the words, *In private,* as if Dawnleaf had actually said it. He noticed the ThunderClan leader--*wasn't his name Bramblestar?*--was staring at them. "I'll be right there!" he called to Bramblestar.

Hawktail and Moonflame stared at him, their eyes asking, *Do you need to talk to us too?*

Snowpelt shook his head, and the two she-cats followed Bramblestar into his den. "The leader has invited us into his den!" Dawnleaf hissed. "And no warriors with him! This is a great opportunity!"

"No!" Snowpelt hissed. "Don't do anything to any cat yet."

"Why not?" Dawnleaf asked.

"We must earn their trust first!" Snowpelt snarled.

Dawnleaf snorted and walked into Bramblestar's den. "Okay, now that we're all here, why don't you guys tell me why you've come?" the ThunderClan leader meowed as Snowpelt

entered the den.

"I had a dream from StarClan," Snowpelt lied. "An orange she-cat told me to come and find a Clan called ThunderClan. She said to bring three of my friends."

The ThunderClan leader stared at him intently. "An orange she-cat?" he asked.

"Yes," Snowpelt answered, wondering why he was asking.

"What color were her eyes?" Bramblestar meowed.

What color should he pick? Perhaps green? "She had emerald eyes," he replied calmly.

"Did her name happen to be Squirrelflight?" Bramblestar asked.

Snowpelt shrugged. "Possibly," he meowed. "I think it was Squirrel-something."

"If she sent you, then you must be here for a good reason. You may stay here until you finish whatever StarClan sent you here to do," he said. "Now go eat and rest."

Snowpelt and his friends trotted out of the den.

Chapter 7: Shadecloud

SHADECLOUD

"Who wants to go on the dawn patrol?" Lionblaze's yowl woke Shadecloud up.

She stumbled out of the warriors den, blinking her eyes a few times to clear her vision. Sure enough, Snowpelt and his friends were already walking towards Lionblaze. "We'll patrol the WindClan border," Snowpelt meowed.

Lionblaze shook his head. "No, Snowpelt, thanks, but you guys have already done a lot lately. You and Dawnleaf just went on the moonhigh patrol with Cloudtail and Ivypool," the ThunderClan deputy said.

The SkyClan cats had volunteered for almost every patrol in the quarter-moon since they had arrived. Shadecloud wondered why they insisted on helping so much. What was in it for them?

"Are you sure you don't want us to go on the dawn patrol?" Snowpelt asked.

"No," Lionblaze replied. "Cavefrost will lead a patrol to the WindClan border with Grassfur and Brackenfur. Thornclaw can take Wavefur and Sunpaw to the ShadowClan border."

Shadecloud noticed Pondpaw approaching Lionblaze. "Can I go too?" the young apprentice asked hopefully.

"No," Lionblaze answered.

Pondpaw's tail drooped. "Oh," she whispered. Then, she lifted her head and glared at Lionblaze. "It's not fair! Why does Sunpaw always get to do the fun stuff?"

"It's okay," Lionblaze meowed. "Do you know what you can do?"

Her eyes widened hopefully. “What?”

Hawktail interrupted their conversation. “Moonflame and I will go hunting near the Sky Oak,” she told Lionblaze.

Before the ThunderClan deputy could respond, they trotted off into the forest. Pondpaw spoke up again. “What can I do?” she asked impatiently.

Lionblaze stared at the ground for a moment before lifting his head. “You can collect moss for the elders bedding,” he said.

Rage filled Pondpaw’s eyes. “I did that yesterday AND the day before that! Sunpaw gets to go hunting and she goes on border patrols all of the time! It’s quite obvious that she’s your favorite daughter!” Pondpaw shouted angrily.

“Pondpaw, Sunpaw isn’t my favorite daughter. I love you both equally…” Lionblaze began.

But Pondpaw wasn’t listening. She had turned around and was running off into the forest. “Pondpaw!” Cinderheart screeched.

Every cat stood frozen in shock for one long moment. By then, Pondpaw had already disappeared into the woods. Finally, Lionblaze unfroze and darted after her. Cinderheart followed him. Shadecloud and a few other cats went with them. They followed the young apprentice’s scent trail and stopped near the abandoned Twoleg nest.

Shadecloud gasped in shock. The limp body of a young cat laid on the ground. Long claw marks ran down her neck. The claw marks were too neat to be done by a fox. They were too small to be done by a badger.

Someone in ThunderClan had murdered Pondpaw.

-Ok guys, do you know who murdered Pondpaw? :D

Chapter 8: Sunpaw

SUNPAW

Sunpaw lifted removed her nose from her sister's cold fur as a voice meowed quietly, "Could you please move your heads so that we can bury Pondpaw's body?"

She glanced at her father. Lionblaze was an unknown moving lump of golden fur, and for a horrible moment, Sunpaw thought he was dead. Then she saw his eyes open and close, and she breathed a silent sigh of relief. Yet the look of grief in his eyes worried her. "Lionblaze, please move your head so I can bury your daughter's body," Cloudtail said, a hint of impatience in his voice.

Sunpaw's father didn't move or even blink. Cloudtail nudged him in the side. "Move Lionblaze!" he hissed, not even attempting to show politeness this time.

This time Lionblaze moved his head and rose slowly to his feet. Snowpelt walked towards the ThunderClan deputy. "I am sorry for your loss," the white tom meowed.

Lionblaze didn't respond. "Lionblaze," Sunpaw stammered. "Patrols?"

Lionblaze turned his head towards her. His eyes smoldered with fury, not at Sunpaw, but at his own Clan. "Why worry about WindClan and ShadowClan when there are traitors within your own Clan?" he spat.

Sunpaw flinched under his angry stare. Suddenly, a dark brown tom appeared at Lionblaze's side. "I'll take care of patrols for today," Bramblestar said. "Lionblaze, why don't you go and rest in the warriors den?"

"What if someone kills me in my sleep?" Lionblaze mumbled.

Bramblestar's gaze hardened and he narrowed his eyes. "Go to warriors den now," the ThunderClan leader ordered.

After a long moment of hesitation, Lionblaze trotted into the warriors den.

Sunpaw sighed. *Would her father be okay? Would he ever get over Pondpaw's death? Would* she *ever get over Pondpaw's death?* she wondered.

Sunpaw saw her mother approaching. She saw a terrible sadness in her blue eyes. "Sunpaw," her mother meowed, her voice raw with grief.

"Cinderheart," Sunpaw meowed quietly.

"Sunpaw, your father will be fine," Cinderheart said, as if she could see Sunpaw's worries. "He just needs time to grieve. At least he's talking, unlike Bramblestar when he lost Squirrelflight."

"And who is the traitor?" Sunpaw demanded.

Cinderheart simply shook her head. "StarClan knows," she meowed softly. "Only StarClan knows."

Chapter 9: Sunpaw

SUNPAW

Sunpaw walked towards Bramblestar's den two days after her sister died. Snowpelt's voice stopped her in her tracks. "We need to speak with you. Outside of camp," Snowpelt meowed.

"I will be taking my deputy Lionblaze with me," Bramblestar said suspiciously.

Sunpaw could almost see Snowpelt nodding. "Let's go then," Dawnleaf's voice meowed impatiently.

Sunpaw darted over to the fresh-kill pile and acted like she was choosing a piece of prey. She pretended not to notice as Bramblestar and the SkyClan cats trudged past her. "Lionblaze!" Bramblestar called into the warriors den. "I need you to come with me into the forest."

A loud groan answered him. Sunpaw's father stumbled groggily out of the den. Bramblestar whispered something in Lionblaze's ear. The ThunderClan deputy raised his eyebrows and glanced at the SkyClan cats for a moment before nodding. Then, they walked out of camp.

Sunpaw trotted silently after them. "StarClan has spoken to me again," Snowpelt was telling Bramblestar. "The orange she-cat said that I had to…"

Suddenly, Snowpelt paused. Alarm raced through Sunpaw's body. She prayed to StarClan that he hadn't scented her. She hid behind the nearest oak tree.

Snowpelt snorted. "StarClan! You honestly believed us when we told you StarClan sent us here to help you?" he sneered.

He shoved his nose in Bramblestar's face. "You know why

we're here?" he asked, stepping backwards. "To kill every member of your puny little Clan!"

Sunpaw's jaw dropped in surprise. Lionblaze glared at Snowpelt with a look of undisguised hatred. "You and your band of…of heartless *creatures* killed my daughter!" he hissed.

Sunpaw watched in horror as her father unsheathed his claws and leapt at Snowpelt. He was quickly intercepted by Dawnleaf, Moonflame, and Hawktail. Snowpelt was taking on Bramblestar by himself. The SkyClan tom was a much better fighter than Sunpaw thought. Bramblestar may have had the advantage in size, but Snowpelt definitely had the advantage in speed. Snowpelt darted in and delivered a glancing blow to the ThunderClan leader's front legs. He darted backwards, out of Bramblestar's reach, before the ThunderClan leader could strike back.

Lionblaze was doing a pretty good job at keeping the other three cats occupied. His invincibility in battle must have helped.

Bramblestar dashed forward and attempted to rake his claws across Snowpelt's face. Snowpelt sidestepped and Bramblestar crashed into a tree. Snowpelt charged towards Bramblestar. The ThunderClan leader rolled out of the way just in time.

Bramblestar rose to his feet and raked his claws across Snowpelt's cheek. Snowpelt stumbled backwards and Bramblestar continued to push Snowpelt backwards. It looked quite easy to Sunpaw, almost *too* easy. Soon, Bramblestar had Snowpelt cornered against a birch tree. Suddenly, Sunpaw saw the trap. She stepped out of hiding and attempted to call out a warning to Bramblestar, but nothing came out of her mouth.

Snowpelt pushed back with his hindpaws, using the tree to send himself flying over Bramblestar's head. He landed on the ThunderClan's leader's back. Snowpelt turned around and quickly sank his teeth into Bramblestar's neck. Bramblestar fell onto the ground, blood oozing from his neck.

Snowpelt ran over to help his comrades. Lionblaze was fighting like a TigerClan cat. Suddenly, he saw Sunpaw and the

SkyClan cats took advantage of the distraction. Lionblaze fell onto the ground. “Sunpaw,” he choked out. “Run!”

Sunpaw couldn’t move. “After you kill Bramblestar and I, what are you going to do next?” Lionblaze asked.

“We will kill the other Clans’ leaders and rule the forest!” Dawnleaf declared.

“Why do you want to kill us?” Lionblaze asked another question.

Snowpelt glared at him. “Quit stalling!” he yelled.

“Before we kill you, where did your daughter go?” Snowpelt asked. “Answer us, if you prefer a short death to a long, painful one!”

For a moment, Lionblaze didn’t answer. Sunpaw knew that he knew she was still there. “She left,” he croaked. “Probably returned to camp.”

Sunpaw crept forward. She was almost there! “Kill him now,” Snowpelt ordered.

Sunpaw lunged at Snowpelt. She killed him quickly. Hawktail leapt at her and pinned her to the ground. She only had one option…and she didn’t like it. There were two reasons why she didn’t like it. She didn’t want her father to know about it and she didn’t want to temporarily blind Lionblaze. “Lionblaze!” she yowled. “Close your eyes!”

Smoke began to come off of her fur. She glanced at her father, who thankfully had closed his eyes. “Hey!” Hawktail yowled. “Something is scorching my fur!”

Sunpaw began to glow. *Brighter,* she thought. Brilliant white light was all Sunpaw could see. It didn’t bother her, but it obviously bothered the SkyClan cats. “My eyes are burning!” Hawktail screamed in agony.

“I can’t see anything except white light,” Dawnleaf groaned.

Sunpaw could feel her energy seeping away. Whenever she did this, it seemed to steal her energy. *Stop,* she thought. The light faded. Sunpaw felt so tired, and she fell to the ground in exhaustion. “Open your eyes, Lionblaze,” she said.

“Hawktail! Moonflame!” Dawnleaf cried, stumbling around blindly.

“I’m okay,” Hawktail croaked. “My eyes aren’t burning any more. But I can still only see light.”

Lionblaze studied the scene. “Sunpaw, what did you do?” he asked.

Sunpaw managed to lift her head. “Kill them now,” she said weakly. “It won’t last long.”

Lionblaze killed the three she-cats as quickly as possible. “I need you to carry me back to camp,” Sunpaw meowed.

“Tell me what you did, and I’ll take you back to camp,” Lionblaze said.

Sunpaw sighed. “I temporarily blinded them,” she mumbled.

“How?” Lionblaze asked.

Does he really need a demonstration? I won’t blind him, I’ll just give him a faint light, Sunpaw decided.

Wisps of smoke curled off her fur. A faint glow filled the air. Lionblaze gasped. “Did Pondpaw have powers too?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” Sunpaw said.

He sighed. “You are my daughter,” he said. “Perhaps I should’ve guessed that you had superpowers of your own.”

Bramblestar was just beginning to stir. “Lionblaze!” he called.

“Don’t worry,” Lionblaze said. “The SkyClan cats are dead.”

Then, he picked Sunpaw up by the scruff and carried her back to camp.

Epilogue

EPILOGUE

Sunpaw sat in the center of the camp with many cats gathered around her and her father. “How did you help to defeat the SkyClan cats, Sunpaw? Lionblaze keeps saying you were very helpful, but he never said what you did,” Cavefrost meowed.

Sunpaw opened her mouth, trying to come up with an answer that wouldn’t give away her powers. Lionblaze answered for her. “Snowpelt had me pinned on the ground and was about to kill me,” Lionblaze said calmly. “Sunpaw snuck up behind him and killed him before he could kill me.”

“Then what?” asked young Eaglekit, gazing at Sunpaw with awe.

“Sunpaw gave me enough help so that I could kill the other cats with ease,” Lionblaze replied, answering honestly, but not saying anything that might give away her powers.

Graystripe walked up to them. He was always cranky, but today, he seemed in an unusually bad mood. “I bet she didn’t actually kill Snowpelt,” Graystripe snorted. “She probably just got in the way. She can’t even give me dry bedding, how could she kill a cat that was three times her size?”

Sunpaw felt a surge of anger. Graystripe was just an unappreciative, cranky elder! She felt as if the temperature around her had risen in the last few moments. “Stop it,” Lionblaze hissed quietly. “Before they find out your secret.”

Sunpaw felt confused. “What?” she whispered in his ear.

“Look at your paws,” Lionblaze said.

Sunpaw lifted her right forepaw. Small wisps of smoke were

coming off of her fur. She
closed her eyes and concentrated for a moment. The smoke faded, but Sunpaw still felt as if her fur was steaming. “Leave my daughter alone, Graystripe!” Lionblaze hissed loudly. Then with his tail twitching in amusement, he purred, “You’re a crankier elder than Mousefur was!” A few loud purrs came from the senior warriors. Graystripe just turned away and padded into the elders den.

Eaglekit was about to ask another question, but a loud yowl from the Highledge drowned out his words. “Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a Clan meeting!”

“Sunpaw, step forward,” Bramblestar meowed.

Eyes widening with surprise as she realized what Bramblestar was about to do, she walked slowly forwards until she was standing right beneath the Highledge.

“I, Bramblestar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Sunpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?” Bramblestar meowed.

“I do,” Sunpaw declared, lifting her chin with pride.

“Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Sunpaw, from this moment on you will be known as Sunsplash. StarClan honors your courage and cleverness, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan,” Bramblestar said, stepping forward to rest his head on top of hers. She gave his shoulder a respectful lick and then stepped backwards.

“Sunsplash! Sunsplash!” the Clan shouted her new name.

“In the tradition of our warrior ancestors, Sunsplash must keep a silent vigil until dawn, and guard the camp alone while we rest,” Bramblestar meowed.

Sunsplash was thrilled. She was a warrior now! But suddenly a strange cold wind blew across the ThunderClan camp, and Sunsplash knew in that instant that another danger to her Clan was coming very soon.

Excerpt from Warriors: The Unknown Threat Series Book #6: Howling Wind

PROLOGUE

A young brown tom stepped out the medicine cat den. “Shadecloud!” he yowled.

A black she-cat trotted out of the warriors den. “What is it, Woodpelt?” Shadecloud asked.

“Lilyblossom is kitting and…” Woodpelt began.

“Lilyblossom is kitting already?” Shadecloud asked.

Almost as if in answer to her question, a loud screech came from the nursery. “That can’t be good. What happens if she doesn’t…” Shadecloud meowed worriedly.

“Jayfeather wanted a raspberry leaf,” Woodpelt interrupted impatiently. “But I forgot what it looks like.”

Without any further hesitation, Shadecloud entered the medicine cat den. Scents from her old life drifted into her nose. She shook her head to clear her mind before trotting over to Jayfeather’s store of herbs.

Sorting through the piles of herbs with her right forepaw, she grabbed a leaf with a slight red tint. She dropped it onto the ground near Woodpelt. “You know it’s a raspberry leaf because it has a jagged edge,” she explained quickly.

Woodpelt nodded his thanks and turned around to leave the den. “Woodpelt, wait!” Shadecloud called.

Woodpelt turned his head. “I’m sorry, Shadecloud,” he

mumbled. “I don’t have time for delays. Lilyblossom’s life is on the line.”

As he continued to pad out of the den, Shadecloud called after him, “Did Jayfeather happen to ask for borage too?”

Woodpelt stopped walking and raced back over to stand beside Shadecloud. He grabbed some borage leaves in his jaws before dashing out of the den. Shadecloud stood there for a moment, alone in the medicine cat den. Then, she took a deep breath and decided to head to the nursery to see if she could help Jayfeather. She decided that she should be helpful rather than sitting around being nostalgic.

She paused at the opening of the den, taking one last glance over her shoulder. Suddenly a chill crept up her spine and she was engulfed in a vision. Wind ruffled her fur, and stung against her eyes. She sank her claws into the ground to avoid being carried away.

Bramblestar flew over her head, nearly crashing into her. More of her Clanmates were carried away by the howling wind.

Soon, only four cats remained in the camp. Her siblings, Woodpelt and Wavefur, her mother, Blossomfall, and her father, Thornclaw were huddled together in the center of the clearing, trying not to be taken away like their Clanmates. With a wail that chilled Shadecloud’s blood, Blossomfall went flying across the clearing. She fell to the ground, unconscious. Thornclaw, Woodpelt, and Wavefur immediately rushed over to help her, forgetting that the wind would carry them away too. They were tossed into the distance by the storm and they soon disappeared. Shadecloud opened her mouth to scream in horror, but no sound came out. Suddenly, she lost her grip and she went sailing away from everything she knew.

Everything went dark and a voice whispered, “An unknown threat is near. Wind has the power to destroy our Clan.”